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A MISCELLANY

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF

THE MEMORABLE, THE PROGRESSIVE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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WILKES, MR. MACAULAY, AND SCOTLAND.

THE other day, in one of the chapters of "The Town," we gave a summary of what appeared to us to be the true character of the once-famous demagogue, John Wilkes, who delivered this country from the lawless insolence of *general warrants*. We mention him again for a moment, in consequence of having had our attention drawn to a passage in Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, in which an opinion is expressed of him far more derogatory. Not that the matter is of any importance to that gentleman or (except in vindication of the respect we entertain for him) to ourselves; but there are persons who, from a certain narrowness of memory and imagination, have a tendency to find some connection between the last thing they have perused in one writer, with the next remark on the same subject which they light upon in another; and, as we have lately been quoting the history, it seems to be apprehended that readers of this description will perceive in our conclusions respecting Wilkes, a studied contradiction to those of the historian.

A suspicion more groundless could not have been fancied. Not only have we the honour of possessing the acquaintance and (gratitude must allow us to add) the friendship of that distinguished person, but we are known to entertain a special regard for his History, and for almost everything which it contains. We have seldom read any two volumes of a work with such a constant fervour of pleasure as those which have hitherto appeared; and if we differ from the writer occasionally on a point of criticism, and miss (what he was not bound to give us) something of a more prospective tone in his philosophy, there happens to be no man living who more heartily welcomes any mixture of dissent with agreement, and to whom, therefore, we should more openly have expressed it. The simple fact is, we had no recollection of the passage. It was only a passing allusion, and had escaped us.

With equal reason might it have been supposed that we alluded to Mr. Macaulay the other day, in what we said respecting Scotch teachers of English. Had all Scotchmen taught English as he does, there would have been no difference between the languages on the two sides of the borders. Not only, to the best of our recollection, is there not the shadow of a Scotticism in his book, but the English throughout is remarkably pure and correct, as well as strong and flowing. It

might have satisfied Swift as well as Blair, and Addison as well as Swift.

But it is idle to dilate on what all England has commended.

Not that we have any objection to Scotch in its proper place. We would no more see it abolished than we would see heather abolished from the Scottish hills, or Burns and Allan Ramsay rendered unintelligible. Our love of Scotch amatory and pastoral poetry is so great, that we have been said to be fonder of the *Gentle Shepherd* than the Scotch are themselves:—*plus Arabes qu'en Arabie*. We take an opportunity of saying this as a set-off to what escaped us the other day, in a moment of irritation, respecting the objections of a Scottish editor, and which, like most such emanations of impulse, had a tendency to injustice, and might render us liable to misconception with such Scottish readers as are not acquainted with us, except in this JOURNAL.

The point at issue was not even a Scottish point; and the JOURNAL, as well as other publications of ours, has had more than justice done it by Scottish contemporaries. But during the old wars of Reform, it so happened that all our love for Burns and gentle Allan did not save us from the bitterest treatment in that direction; and though the fight has long been over, and enemies are far from being enemies now, and wounds have even received balm at their hands, we have still a foolish tendency to feel sore when any Scotchman seems to mistake us; when he persists (as we fancy) in not knowing how very Scottish we are, and with what familiarity we can repeat his choice passages and his ballads.

Scotland has been one of our oldest acquaintances, from its earliest records. We know more of the Lowlands than the Highlands, because they know more of themselves. We see the latter chiefly through their mists, and superstitions, and the fine monotonous figure of Ossian, and the hospitable modern burst of manners, in the Western Islands, upon Dr. Johnson and Boswell, like a warm-lighted room upon a desolate rock. The Lowlands are more mixed up with English history, and are, in fact, England in another shape. Highland or Lowland, we wish they had not sold their king and their union, or called up the melancholy excess of John Knox to counteract excesses of a different sort from Popery and France: for it ended in desecrating the cheerfulness of their Sabbath, and in sub-

stituting the whisky shop for the ball-room. But these were faults rather superinduced by circumstances than native to the hearts of the people; who, while they can be the greatest sufferers for conscience and for duty's sake, have a tendency to the most impulsive and cordial enjoyments, and beat their southern neighbours hollow in the merriment of their ballads and the very desperation of their dings and dances. Their very lawlessness has always had a redeeming jocularity. The motto of Sir Walter Scott's family is a pleasant border threat about moonlight; and the device of Mr. Macaulay's is a boot with a spur, to which the motto is *Dulce periculum* (*Pleasant is peril*). Nations, like individuals, have their faults as well as virtues. England has helped to circulate freedom through the world, and yet, in resentment of opposition, and in jealousy of the very imitation of herself, has ill used Ireland, and did her best to prevent liberty in France. Wallace was a Scottish Alfred in patriotism and valour. Robert Bruce was an heroic gentleman as well as king. The first Scottish King James, besides being a martyr to reform (as the poet himself was in some measure), was the finest disciple of Chaucer. His descendant James V. was delightful for his gaiety, and touching for his misfortunes. We cannot see the faults of his daughter Mary, for the temptations that beset her beauty and accomplishments. Valour and fortitude distinguish the wars of the cavaliers and covenanters. Modern philosophy appeared in its serenest shape in the persons of the Humes and Adam Smiths. Where was ever such a set of literary lawyers as in the times of the Monboddos, Kameses, and Woodhouseless? We have envied them their bench of judges ever since; for since the time of Clarendon we have scarcely, with the exception of Talfourd, had a judge with the like reputation among us, who has not been a Scotchman. The Mansfields, Broughams, and Campbells have all been from the north. Then came gentle Allan Ramsay, and nature-loving Thomson, and glorious Burns, and the wonderful Scotch novels, and the poetry and scholarship that relieved the "more than civil wars" of Blackwood; and last, not least, the lie-hating denunciations of our friend Thomas Carlyle, who cannot, for the life of him, be a denouncer, only by reason of the deep thoughts at his heart, and the universality of his sympathy.

Some of our dearest friends are Scotch. Some of the persons for whose eyes our pages are most written are Scotch; and one of the persons who takes most interest in their welfare is a wicked chiel from Scotland, who comes among us "takin' notes"; and "faith, he prints 'em."

May as many blessings attend him, as ever he wished for others!

And thus, we think, we have made the *amende honorable* to Scotland; and shown her that, if we are foolish enough to be irritated at an objection from one of her sons, we are moved, not by anger towards herself, but love.

(Chapter XI. of the "Town" in our next.)

COURAGE.
(From Goethe.)
Thanks for blows
Cowardly throes,
Womanly fears
Sorrowful tears,
Mend them no sorrow
Set thee not free. ¶
Kindness of Fortune
Scorn to importune;
Cringe not in bearing
Be craftily daring,
And God hasten
On to thine aid!

S.

The Weekly Nobelist.

No. XII.

THE THREE LAWYERS;

OR, A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.

BY R. H. HORNE.

ONE bright morning in the middle of May, a lawyer, in no very flourishing practice, came bustling through Temple-Bar. The sun shone upon the crown of his hat, and cast a golden gleam on the law-papers under his arm. Threadbare was the right elbow of his black coat, and rusty the unshapely rim of the eight-and-sixpenny beaver, that covered so much practical knowledge and activity. But his heart was naturally warm, whatever might be the condition of his finances; and this, besides the good expression of his countenance, was yet more manifest, on his meeting a brother-lawyer who came lurching round the half-corner awry of pavement between Temple-Bar and St. Clement's Church. Our first lawyer's name was Bolts; and the long-legged, grave-faced thing in spectacles, whom he met, was no other than Symes — as well-informed and respectable an attorney as ever drew a deed of settlement, or filed a bill in the Court of Chancery.

"Stop!" said Symes; "can your business wait?"

"Yes; but not long," said Bolts.

"Will it keep good till to-morrow?"

"Yes; provided the time between is well filled up."

"And so it shall be," cried Symes, taking off his spectacles and pocketing them with a brisk air, yet without moving a muscle of his imperturbable face — "as it shall be. Turn about — take my arm. I'm on my way to Flinders. I want to start off into the country this fine morning for a breath of fresh air."

After a moment's pause — a settling mind — and a smile of acquiescence, Bolts pocketed his bundle of papers, with the air of a man who has done work for the day; and turning about with humorous silence, took the long bony arm of Symes, and kept pace with his strides as well as he could.

They made their way to Chancery-Lane, up which they proceeded till they turned into an entry leading to chambers, which we prefer not to mention.

Now, Flinders was a briefless barrister; an Irishman; clever, well read, active, witty, and a capital Latin scholar—but no briefs. His real name—that is, his complete and entire name—was Flinders O'Toole; but he dropped the latter patronymic, as likely to appear too "racy of the soil"—"the mother turf"—to be generally estimated in the Saxon-Norman metropolis.

His chamber—at least the front room into which his friends came panting and smiling—had no furniture in it but a table and two chairs, with a small bit of old carpet under the said table, and two holes in the said carpet where his feet were habitually planted, so that he could be said to enjoy only the warm idea of a carpet, but to feel the floor in reality. An inkstand, a coffee-pot, and a shelf of pale-backed law books, were the only other visible appointments and appurtenances.

He welcomed his friends with a gay air; and when they told him they had come to ask him to go with them for a trip into the country to get a breath of fresh air, he laughed outright, and at once ran into the back room to put on his boots.

Issuing forth, the three friends hastened to the Exchange, where they presently found a Stratford coach, on the top of which they took their seats, and in due course arrived at the long straggling town of Stratford, chiefly famous for the "French school" that flourished there in the time of Chaucer. Here they found a return post-chaise from the "Bald-faced Stag" at Epping Forest, equally famous for its annual hunt, at which so many gentlemen in scarlet coats are seen running after their horses. Into this machine they

jumped, and "rattled" away, intending to get out at the "Eagle," at Snaresbrook, and amuse themselves in the fields for the day. But when they arrived there, so many gigs and pony-chaises, and taxed-carts, belonging to May-tide parties of pleasure, presented themselves, that our three lawyers were of opinion that they should get a purer breath of fresh air by going a few miles farther into the country, than by remaining at the "Eagle," amidst the formidable array of nineteen long pipes and six-and-twenty cigars displayed at the windows by gentlemen of all sizes and ages, who had also come into the country for a little fresh (tobacco-clouded) air.

In this decision, it is possible, they might also have been influenced by a variety of jocular remarks on their black coats and white stocks, perpetrated in the usual vague, unanswerable, yet pointed style, which characterizes London irony.

Having reached the "Bald-faced Stag," our holiday friends in black leaped out on the short-grassed sward, and being desirous of "feeling their legs" a little, ran off at a good pace, which soon came to a race, in which the long legs of Symes took the lead—but were eventually beaten by the superior "bottom" of Flinders—both of them leaving Bolts at a considerable distance, sitting on a great stone with one hand on his side.

In this way they advanced, till they found they were at the village of Loughton, and at the bottom of the hill, where Bolts wished to pause and enter the little road-side inn at the corner, but the eye of Flinders having been attracted by the unwonted romance of a rustic lane, very steep and not very muddy, with hedge-rows and green banks on both sides, the party took their way in that direction, like roving youths in search of vague delights.

They strolled up in this way between the young hedge-rows, admiring the opening buds and crowding primroses, the lurking violets and the flowering May!

"Delightful!" exclaimed Flinders, sniffing up the fresh air.

"Delightful!" cried Bolts, taking a run, and jumping vigorously over a bunch of old cabbage-leaves, as though it had been a five-barred gate.

"Delightful, indeed!" murmured Symes, as he stuck a bunch of May in his button-hole.

Then they all three gave a great snuff-up of the fresh air, and having arrived at a high level overlooking the forest, they worked their way round, and downwards to some green meadows. The sun was shining brightly on the crowds of buttercups; and into this meadow the three gentlemen in black descended, and had a capital game at leap-frog.

"Give a good back!" cried Flinders to Bolts—and over he went.

"Higher!" cried Symes to Bolts, and over he went, like a daddylong legs.

"Lower!" cried Bolts to Flinders; "'tuck in your twopenny!" Flinders omitting the latter exhortation, Bolts went over head foremost into a great bunch of buttercups and tufted grass.

This delightful and appropriate sport—most appropriate as a genial contrast to their last fifteen or twenty years' employment—a sport in which they returned to their feelings of boyhood, a thing most excellent for man—this truly wise merriment could not last for ever. They played at leap-frog till they could jump no longer, but only rolled over each other's backs; the last three performances not even amounting to so much as that, but consisting of a heavy laughing charge—a bundle up against the "horse" or "frog" (we blush to confess we forgot the correct term), and a tumble over of both parties, to the outrageous delight of the third.

Wiping their foreheads, and displaying their seam-split sleeves and other garments, they made their way up to a little alehouse at the top of Forest-hill, de-

signated by the title of the "Crown"—pronounced "Cray-oun" by the rustic denizens of the locality.

They were ushered into the sanded parlour—sat down at its little round table, made for three, and called for all that the house could afford, and ten times more. All that was possible was promised, and our three friends filled up the time by drumming tunes upon the table.

First came boiled duck's eggs, brown bread, and home-brewed ale; then fried eggs, with large slices of rusty bacon, and more ale; then some Epping sausages—the worst ever eaten in this world, all the real Eppingers being invariably sent to London, their place being supplied in their native district by sausages from Whitechapel, which seemed to be half sawdust, so many choppings of the block were included with the meat. Finally, there came a roast fowl—a yellow-legged, sinewy old cock, which the landlord had long wanted to get rid of. The unnatural wretch (the cock, not the landlord) had a fancy for killing young chicks. He could not be eaten; but he certainly contributed his share to the merriment of the day. Then came the cheese—capital one—and a final jug of the foaming home-brewed.

By this time the evening was drawing in, and the three friends, finding that no conveyance to London of any kind could be had nearer than Snaresbrook, unless by accident, sallied forth arm in arm to make the best of their way towards the town, not too elated, but happy in themselves, and hopeful of good fortune.

In some twenty minutes they again found themselves at the "Bald-faced Stag," and seeing a return post-chaise at the door, they endeavoured to effect a bargain with the postboy (an old fox of sixty, who was born in the neighbouring forest) to take them to Stratford. He demanded ten shillings, which seemed too much. They offered him eight, which he refused, so onwards they trudged with weary steps, though still with merry hearts, making fun of their fatigue and their long walk.

Beguiling the way with many jokes, anecdotes, legal causes of mutual interest (though not too many of these), and projects for the future, our three friends toiled along the dusty roads, till hot and weary, with sore and burning feet, they arrived once more at the "Eagle" at Snaresbrook. The country air which such numbers had come down to taste, was still saturated with tobacco-smoke. They were struck with the difference, after having enjoyed a breath of *real* country air in the green meadows of Loughton.

No gig, or cab, or van, or taxed cart, going back to London was visible in front of the inn, nor in the yard, though they scrutinized every shed and corner. But having mutually vowed to get some conveyance or other at this place, "regardless of expense," they boldly entered the inn, and called for a postchaise.

All were out. No conveyance of any kind was possible, except, indeed, an old horse belonging to the blacksmith hard by; but he could not carry three lawyers—few young horses could do that comfortably. They were told that they could have good beds. This, however, would never do; not only because of the expense, but of the causes that were expected to come on to-morrow, with other legal business in which they were engaged. It was plain that they must even "foot it" back to London, or, at least, to Stratford, the best way they could.

Slowly dragging and scraping one leg and boot after the other along the dusty road, they proceeded heavily on their way, and began to get silent from fatigue.

"If it had not been for our running races," said Bolts, with a tone of self-reproach, in which his friends were intended to come in for a good share, "and playing at leap-frog in the meadow, we should not have been half so tired. The distance was really not great."

"Ah, now, don't complain of past pleasure," said Flinders; "it's ungrateful."

Old grave-faced, long-legged Symes said nothing, as he strode along. He thought it best to reserve all his breath for the rest of the journey.

While they were slowly working their forked machinery onwards in this manner, each one now busy with his own thoughts, there came a great old-fashioned one-horse chaise along the road. Hope suddenly sprang up in the mind of Flinders, and in a good, high, Irish brogue he hailed the chaise as it approached, with a polite request for the favour of a lift for a mile or so.

Though it was now nearly dark, they could yet descry an elderly gentleman in a brown coat, buttoned over his chin and up to his nose, who was driving in a very methodical and guarded manner. The moment, however, he heard the voice, he gave a glance at our three friends; and taking it for granted—or at least deeming it by no means improbable that they were footpads, he immediately applied his whip to the horse, and rattled past at a far rounder trot than could have been expected from his horse's appearance.

Now, whether it was from disappointment or indignation, or a small touch of despair under the circumstances, or a mixture of all three emotions; so it was, that Flinders, without a moment's hesitation, gave chase to the old chaise, and, by a simultaneous impulse, both Symes and Bolts followed close at his heels.

They soon overtook the chaise. It had no foot-board behind, but iron rails instead, bearing a fine row of spikes to prevent all running behind, or other unlawful travelling on the queen's highway. Our friends, however, contrived to insert their fingers between the spikes, so as to keep a sufficiently good hold, and accommodating their shoulders and elbows to each other's peculiarities, packed very closely together, yet not without an inch and a half on either side clear of the wheels, the three lawyers ran in a cloud of dust behind the old-fashioned chaise.

Now, the owner of this chaise—the austere elderly gentleman, buttoned up to the nose in his greatcoat—happened to be no less a "card" (or rather parchment) than Mr. Peter Flynt Skinner, solicitor of Aldermanbury.

This gentleman had a very extensive practice in the Court of Chancery; had managed the estates of several wealthy widows and spinsters; possessed a number of houses at Stoke Newington and Balls Pond, and never lost a sixpence by a single tenant during the last fifteen years, though most of the tenants lost many a guinea by his exactions. He was a key-hole saw to the cabinets of the great; a file and rasp to those of moderate means; a scalping-knife and pincers to those who had but little and fell into his power. He had amassed a large fortune by these means, and by constant attention to his profession. He sat at his desk all day long. At night he dreamt of it. He was never known to indulge in a single holiday all the year round, nor voluntarily to take breath of fresh air.

So this man had become excessively rich and influential; and the three lawyers who had started off into the country for a day's pleasure were now running behind his chaise.

Amidst a dense cloud of dust, with a long trail of the same flying backwards from their rising heels—more particularly from those of Symes—our three friends ran, holding on behind the chaise of Mr. Peter Flynt Skinner till it reached the outskirts of Stratford; when, calling to mind their position as professional men, and their place in society, they reluctantly "let go." The old vehicle rattled onward to London; and the three lawyers who had left town all in black, now remained in the middle of the road, gazing at each other with a very comical expression. They were completely clothed

in dust, from the shoe to the crown of the hat, and stood like moths just out of the grub state, vaguely wondering at themselves and the world around them.

They shook themselves, and thumped and brushed each other; after which, they got on the top of a Bow coach, and returned to town, laughing and chatting all the way.

But what event had taken the indefatigable practitioner of Aldermanbury, the desk-devoted, parchment-souled Flynt Skinner, away from his office, and out of town,—nay, even far enough into the country to have got a breath of fresh air, if he could have found the heart to inhale it? Not for the love of the air of the country; we may be sure of that. No daisies and buttercups for him. No breeze through the swinging boughs; no peeps of landscape through the foliage for him; no day of pleasure; no vile leap-frog in a green field; no dinner and merriment at little country ale-houses; no running behind a chaise in the dark of evening, or any boyish pranks of that sort. Far different, indeed, had been his errand. He had been sitting by a deathbed, with a pale countenance—and speaking in a low voice—and listening, with an anxious, down-bent ear, to the faint accents of a fast-fleeting spirit; pressing a white cambrie handkerchief to a forehead as white, and gently holding a dying hand. It had a tender and touching appearance.

But, alas! the truth cannot, should not be concealed. He had been making the will of one of his clients, an old maiden lady, to whom he had paid great attention, and who had largely "remembered him" in her will, to the injury of her niece, and several other poor relations. But she had deferred the completion of it rather too long, and even now it was not signed. To receive, therefore, her "last instructions," and to guide her hand in making the signature, was the occasion of his drive into the country, and his tender offices on the present occasion.

Mr. Flynt Skinner got the large legacy, and the old maiden lady's niece was obliged to go forth into the world as a nursery governess; while the other poor relations, who had lived on the hope of a little something, being aged and infirm, died broken-hearted soon after.

The family of Mr. Flynt Skinner consisted of an only son and a widow-sister, whom he had tormented into a marriage with a rich East India merchant, whose estates were entirely left to his management. When her husband died, she sought in vain to get her affairs out of her brother's hands, but, being worn out in the struggle with imaginary difficulties which he raised, had long since given up the attempt. His son was now at Oxford, leading a dissipated life, looking forward to his father's death that he might indulge himself in far greater follies and extravagances.

Meanwhile, Mr. Flynt Skinner began to feel himself at times in a very morbid state of mind. His son's going on, and his debts more especially, were a great trouble to him; and his sister had, after a silence of years, suddenly taken to renewing her inquiries about her property; and besides this, he had become so dyspeptic, in consequence of never taking any exercise, no breath of fresh air from month to month, but always sitting as if screwed to his desk, that very often his life was a mere endurance of wretchedness and disgust. He almost began to ask himself why he should not retire; what was the use of making money to "bank it"; what was the good of all this work—this unventilated existence? However, he never quite came to the point.

It so chanced that Flinders visited at the house where the poor niece, who had been beggared by the fascinating Mr. Peter Flynt Skinner, dwelt, in the capacity of nursery-governess. The family was very fond of her, and told her story to Flinders. The result of this was a lawsuit to recover the legacy, on the

grounds of a doubtful will, fraudulent signature, and deficient witnesses of the validity in all respects. In this case Bolts was also concerned with Flinders.

The angry stir caused in the house by this sudden attack ; which was made just when one of Mr. Flynt Skinner's dyspeptic fits was at its height, inspired his sister, by some mysterious mesmerism in the air, to resolve on leaving the fraternal roof, and making an effort to wrest her property from his morbid clutel. For this purpose she was recommended to a most able and respectable lawyer of great experience—Mr. Symes, of Long-acre.

The wretched state of indigestion which Mr. Flynt Skinner had endured for so many years, had now induced other complaints of the most painful, gnawing, and exhausting kind, very common, and almost inevitable, to men who lead these sorts of unaided lives, only that it was of the worst kind in the present instance. He saw all the bearings of the legacy case ; knew exactly what was best to do, if he could but give it his personal attention ; and so of this tormenting lawsuit of his sister, but he was obliged to leave much of it to other hands. Then there was his son's last letter from Oxford, insisting on a large sum of money to pay his debts, or he should be obliged to blow his brains out. He was a weak-minded young man, who had little character of his own, and was only imitating the follies of his companions. To go down and pacify the creditors, and look at the reality of the claims was his best course, but he was absolutely too unwell to do it. Then, he had just heard a very strange whisper about the house of * * * and Co., his bankers ! He believed they were all quite safe ; still, he ought to sally forth immediately and make inquiries. But he could not do this for a day or two, he felt so very ill. In fact, his physician told him he must not.

The legacy cause came on. Flinders appeared for the plaintiff, and with the assistance of the active Bolts, had "got up" the case to perfection. Mr. Flynt Skinner did as much as his health would let him ; but he lost the cause. Directly afterwards came his sister's lawsuit, conducted by Symes.

This affair produced so much irritation and anger, to think that his sister should dare to accuse him of keeping her out of her property, when he was only taking care of it for her ! that Mr. Flynt Skinner roused all his bodily and legal energies to defend the case. But he had not worked at it above three days, before he sank back from his desk, and was obliged to leave it to other hands. The cause was lost ; and the same day his bankers stopped payment. The loss of two such important lawsuits, together with many thousands of pounds, added to the mental irritation, brought his complicated complaints at once to a climax, and Mr. Flynt Skinner departed this life, during which he had never left his desk, but which had been of so little use to him or anybody else, and in which he had never known any enjoyment.

Mr. Frank Flynt Skinner now returned from college. Notwithstanding the recent losses, a very large fortune came to him ; and fully as hard as the father had worked to accumulate wealth, so assiduously did the son exert himself to disperse it ; and with equal success. An excellent son for such a father ! Oh, that such fathers could foresee the result of all their worldly labours—labours which destroy all happiness in their life, and cause unspeakable distress to so many others.

The sister of the late Mr. Flynt Skinner gained the lawsuit, as we have stated ; but, unfortunately, the estate had been turned into money, part of which had been lost in the failure of the bankers, and the rest was in houses, all of which were now taking unto themselves wings, at the sign-manual of the very unpoetical enchanter, Mr. Frank Flynt Skinner. So here was a second lawsuit to recover from the heir.

Symes undertook this, and was proceeding to a pretty certain success ; but before the "law's delay" enabled him to bring the cause to a trial, the dashing young fellow put the finishing touch to his money-spending career by losing all that remained at the Newmarket races.

The conclusion of these affairs is curious, and not without interest. Flinders had greatly raised himself in estimation by his management of the case of the niece, and so had Bolts. They both got into good practice from that day ; and Flinders, having lost his heart while gaining the cause, married the late nursery governess, and the "legacy" was a pretty addition.

Symes had also risen in the world. He much pitied the poor ruined sister of the late Mr. Peter Flynt Skinner, and took her to be his housekeeper. After a few years, when she became infirm, he got her comfortably placed in an almshouse ; while Bolts took the spendthrift son, now reduced to penury and penitence, as a clerk in his office.

Thus happily concludes the brief history of our Three Lawyers. Had Mr. Peter Flynt Skinner lived a longer period, and been permanently successful, and had some pleasure in the fruits of his eternal desk, this would have been a story about *four* lawyers ; but he had a bad case in life, and left the court of humanity nonsuited—in short, he was ruined, and died for want of heart, and also for want of a little fresh air.

GOOD IN ALL.

(From the New Novel, called the "FIRST ANGEL.")

Perhaps you are a churchman in religion. You acknowledge the creeds and the catechism ; you have faith in the efficacy of sacraments ; you bow to the decision of councils and respect the apostolical succession. You take much interest in the building of churches, and you reverence time-honoured ceremonies and authorized forms. Your neighbour is a Dissenter. He accepts no creed but the Bible, and no interpretation of it but his own. He loves simplicity, is indifferent about architecture, and sees the dress of antichrist in a bishop's gown. He expects no heavenly graces from the services of another, and looks to obtain them only by the prayer and travail of his own soul. You call him a schismatic, and he calls you a bigot. You are satisfied that his opinions are the result of a presumptuous will ; he is sure that yours have sprung from the influence of a blind prejudice. You will not believe that any humble and devout mind could arrive at his conclusions ; he is quite as certain that honesty and common sense are incompatible with yours.

If you could but know each other's spiritual history. If, with the searching eye of that God to whom you both appeal, you could gaze openly upon each other's souls, how different might your judgment be !

You would see, perhaps, in each, the same search for truth—the same dread of error—the same consciousness of sin. You would find that, in both cases, belief had grown up out of many tears and prayers, many doubts and struggles—through the discipline of life—by the bedside of death—with the same sense of God's presence and of man's eternal responsibilities.

But you do not believe this. Nay, more ; you act as if you knew that it was otherwise.

How did you acquire this knowledge ? What right have you to believe you have acquired it ? Do you read each other's books, or listen to each other's sermons ? Do you take any pains to learn the sense in which your neighbour understands his own opinions, or his reasons for believing them to be true ? Have you carefully marked the influence they exert upon his character, and the happiness they cast upon his life ? Did you ever try to put yourself in his place, and for a moment to feel as he does, that you might justify your own judgment upon his feelings ? If not, the result is again that you know very little about his opinions, and nothing about his reasons ; and in assuming to know, and presuming to judge, you are bearing false witness against your neighbour.

Original Poetry.

SILENT WORTH.*

"Rose, thou art a lovely flower,
Pale and red commingled;
Rival mid thy fragrant race
I have never singled;
Flower of Beauty, tell me why
No other flower with thee can vie?"

"Rose, thou dost not answer me!
Art too proud for speaking?
Called I *thee* a lovely flower,
Worth a poet's seeking?
Beautiful! Faugh! Fools may trace
Beauty in thy ugly face!"

"Thinkest Rose, I mean offence?
Think so, if so suit thee!
Fancy still thou art most fair,
I will not dispute thee!
Never think thee that I care
Whether thou art foul or fair!"

Heedless, still, as nought were said,
Rose kept on its blooming!
Praise or blame, it matters not
To the unassuming;
Pure in heart and strong of mind,
They but live to serve mankind.

H. J.

TWILIGHT.

(From Goethe.)

TWILIGHT falls on field and bower,
What is near now seems afar,
Long since on his eastern tower,
Clomb aloft the evening star.
All things now in dimness hover,
Upward gathering vapours creep,
Masses of black shadow cover
Shadows under in the deep.

Now in heaven's eastern quarter
Of the moon-dawn I am 'ware,
And upon the neigh'ring water
Slender willows wave their hair.
Through the dancing shadows stealing,
Magic gleams of moonlight dart;
And the coolness sinks with healing,
Through the eye into the heart.

G. B.

* It appears that we understood our contributor too literally when putting his "Cottagers" before our readers as the work of an actual "Piecer Boy." He ceased to be both a boy and a piecer two or three years ago. He thus tells his own story in a second letter:—

"I, in pursuit of learning, have been crossed by the degrading influence of the mill, in which thirteen years of my life have gone, and from which I have just escaped. Heart-sick with the sights of wrongs endured, with seeing master and man alike degraded, I would not live *their* life, and often have I wished it in my power to do something that should end or mend the wretched life to which millions are doomed to live and die, with millions more to follow!.... The 'Piecer Boy' resolved never to become a 'Spinning Man.'

Piecer or spinner, boy or man, our friend is among the 'unvulgar' of the earth; and in whatever direction lie his emancipated manhood, may God speed him!" S.

New Books.

THE SAXON IN IRELAND: OR, THE RAMBLES OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN SEARCH OF A SETTLEMENT IN THE WEST OF IRELAND. London: John Murray.

The *Saxon in Ireland* is a "Home-Tour," and thus belongs to a class of works which we have been glad to see of late years increasing both in quantity and in quality, for nothing surely can be more preposterous than for tourists exclusively to ransack the furthest east and west, north and south, for descriptions of manners and scenery, and to leave unheeded and undelineated so many picturesque portions of our own islands, and interesting sections of our own population. It is a "Home-Tour," moreover, written, as the title indicates, with a purpose, and, as we can testify, with a feeling and in a spirit which reflect honour on the author, and are seldom to be found in far more ambitious books of travel. He has not visited Ireland out of mere curiosity, like tourists of the Ingis class, nor to make a book amusing like Mr. Thackeray's, didactic like Mr. Kohl's, or drily instructive like that of worthy old Arthur Young. He went in search of a settlement for life for himself and his family, and this nerv'd his faculty of observation in a way which will make practical men grateful for the narrative of his experiences. But not only is he a practised agriculturist, skilful in soils and sites, he has the eye of a cultivated English gentleman for the sublime, and beautiful, and picturesque, so that readers who care little about agriculture will peruse with zest his hints and descriptions of the savage and lonely beauty of the rarely trodden "far west" of Erin. From a pleasing sketch of tranquil rural life which opens the volume, he appears to have been a gentleman-farmer, owning and occupying a hereditary estate in one of the southern counties. Owing either to encumbrances, the effect of which were suddenly deepened by the repeal of the corn laws, or from losses occasioned immediately by that sweeping change in our legislation, he determined to leave "the happy home of many years," of which, as it looked on a fine autumn evening, there is a captivating description:—

"It stood upon a gentle knoll, overlooking a narrow but lovely vale, amid whose recesses many a huge tree displayed its gray trunk and spreading branches. On the grassy carpet beneath, either reposing in picturesque groups, or scattered here and there as they browsed the herbage, was seen a herd of cattle, the very type of quietude and peace. The birds had now sought the covert of the brake; the twitter of the blackbird composing himself to rest, the plaintive note of the robin as if lamenting the summer gone, or the distant call of the timid partridge, or the faint murmur of the brook below, alone broke in upon the stillness of the scene. All was England! the vale, the trees, the brook, the cattle, the house, nay, the very air and sky,—forming a combination at once of loveliness and comfort, which is rarely to be found out of our own country."

To leave these and their *dulcia arva* and "rural village, with its ivied church," where many generations of his forefathers slept, was a sad blow to the author. But the resolution had been made, and the only question was, "Whither to repair"—to Canada or to Australia? In a lucky hour, the curate of the ivied church recommended an exploratory trip to the west of Ireland, and this pleasant volume is the result of his advice.

If the reader will take a good map of Ireland, and turn his glance to the province of Connaught, he will see, not far north of the island of Achill, the bay of Tulloghane. From the most inland point of this estuary of the Owenmore, let him draw a line southward to the town of Galway, gently curving it so as to keep east of the two water-sheets, Loughs Mask and Corrib, then between this line and the fantastically indented seaboard he can survey the region traversed by

our tourist. It is a wild, varied, and thinly-populated country, of bog and granite moor, and plain, with mountains and mountain-ranges towering and shooting in every direction, now rising lonely into inaccessible peaks, or sloping softly into rich pasture-lands, or forming lovely valleys, whether presenting, like beads on a thread, chains of lakes, or traversed by streams with wide fringings of fertile alluvial soil. After much roaming, diversified by a visit to his English home, the author found at the extreme verge of his tour a spot to settle in—850 acres—within a mile or two of the widest part of Tulloghane Bay. Most of his acres, at the time of their acquisition, were black bog, but he is satisfied with his bargain; which we hope has proved a thriving one, and which we know to be charmingly placed. In this brick and smoky metropolis, indeed, black bog loses its repulsiveness, and we long to be Saxons in Ireland, as we read the author's descriptions of the scenery which surrounds his estate,—nothing but undulating plains, ocean sparkling near, lakes reposing in quiet hollows, mountains lifting their giant masses into the pure air, and the like delightful amenities of physical geography.

We forgot to mention one peculiarity of our author, which gives a rare value to his opinion, we mean his impartiality in social politics. In the political "dispensation," as the religious would say, which has deprived him of his English home, he acquiesces without a murmur, as a change which may be a benefit to the community, though it has been an injury to him. If ever he feel disposed to grumble at it, it is when he lights on some Irish estate; standing out like an oasis in the desert, which has been reduced from disorder into order from calculations based on prices of produce, guaranteed, as it were, under the old system. On the whole, his clear and decided opinion is, that the west of Ireland offers to the enterprising a field for industry every way superior to the most promising of any of our colonies. Land, which needs no "improvement" but that of the ploughman and the sower, may even now be had, he estimates, at a price much lower than the virgin soil of Natal or New Zealand. The taxes of Ireland, compared with those of England, are few and light; the heaviest of them, the poor-rate, is diminishing. Food, labour, and all the chief equipments and implements of civilization, are cheaper than in any of our colonies, and it needs only, he thinks, an alteration in the laws affecting the tenure and transfer of land, and, above all, a knowledge in England of what the west of Ireland is, to make the "wilderness" of Connemara to "blossom like the rose." There is nothing there of the wild criminality of Tipperary. The people will work with a gay and cheerful industry that pleases him even more than the dogged persistence of his own countrymen. Remembering this, and what we are told of the Irish in America, does not the truth respecting them seem to be that they are capital workers, if you will show them the way, but incapable of making a way for themselves. Mark out the ground, offer him wages, put a good spade into his hand, and the Irishman will labour willingly and well, but these elements of industry must be combined for him by others, he will not so much as evolve them of himself.

We conclude with a brief extract, which explains itself. The author is pic-nicing with the family of a chance friend, a Mr. S., who has made a home in the most secluded part of Ballycroy, and near whom "the Saxon" tourist's black bogs lie:—

A CONNAUGHT SCENE.

Far below us, its surface still as glass, lay the little loch, here and there fringed with tall reeds or dipping willows. Beyond was the farm of Glenduff, with its mass of buildings, its plantations of evergreens, and the blue spiral smoke ascending from its chimneys against the bare face of the rocky hill behind. How peaceful it looked! the well-

fenced cultivated lands around it marking it as the abode of careful industry; a conviction rendered yet more complete by the lowing of the cattle as they lazily ascended the green bank, and the wild gambols of the kids lingering behind the flock of goats, who were now being driven to the field. "And this, Mr. S.," said I, "this is all your own creation, and in the short period of fourteen years?"

From the long reply, we extract the few essential words which contain the history of a successful

SAXON IN IRELAND.

You may say in less than that period. It was several years after my taking possession of this wilderness before I was enabled to do much. My capital was nearly exhausted in the purchase of the farm and the building of the house, and you must be aware that both could now be accomplished at one-third less at least than I then laid out upon them. *In this respect, the new settlers have much the advantage.* * * *

At the time of my first visit here, this town-land was on sale. It did not then possess one cultivated acre; but I admired the seclusion, and saw the capabilities of the land. I purchased it, therefore, and have never regretted my bargain. At first, I had great difficulties to encounter from want of means, for at that period Government advanced no money for improvements. From no one did I receive aid or encouragement; yet, with everything thus against me, I have not only cleared my way, but, by the blessing of Providence, I have created a valuable property out of a wilderness, and can leave my children independent of the world.

Whereto our author adds:—

There was much in this to affect as well as to encourage, and it was some time before any of us broke the silence. As I looked upon the lovely scene before me, the comfortable retreat, the cultivated lands around, the pastoral wealth, I felt a strong conviction of my own success in a similar experiment.

And let those of our readers who are thinking of emigration, pause and consider whether they cannot do better in the west of Ireland.

*

THE DIFFICULTY OF EXCELLENCE.

It is certain that if every one could early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy of being placed beside what has already been produced—a hundred youths who are now poetizing, scarcely one would feel enough courage, perseverance, and talent, to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery. "Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand, if they could have felt, known, and understood, early enough what really produced a master like Raphael."—*Goethe.*

GOETHE AND SPECTACLES.

"It may be a mere whim of mine," said he, on various occasions, "but I cannot overcome it. Whenever a stranger steps up to me with spectacles on his nose, a discordant feeling comes over me, which I cannot master. It annoys me so much, that on the very threshold it takes away a great part of my benevolence, and so spoils my thoughts, that an unconstrained natural development of my own nature is altogether impossible. It always makes on me the impression of the *desobligant*, as if a stranger would say something rude to me at the first greeting. I feel this stronger, since it has been impressed upon me for years how obnoxious spectacles are. If a stranger, now, comes with spectacles, I think immediately—'He has not read my latest poems!' and that is, of itself, a little to his disadvantage; or, 'He has read them, knows their peculiarity, and sets them at nought,' and that is still worse. The only man with whom spectacles do not annoy me is Zelter; with all others they are horrible. It always seems to me as if I am to serve strangers as an object of strict examination, and as if, with their armed glances, they would penetrate my most secret thoughts, and spy out every wrinkle of my old face. But whilst they thus endeavour to make my acquaintance, they destroy all fair equality between us, as they prevent me from compensating myself by making theirs. For what do I gain from a man into whose eyes I cannot look when he is speaking, and the mirror of whose soul is veiled to me by a pair of glasses which dazzle me?"—*Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann.*

ENGLISH INJUSTICE.

No. II.

A TALE OF HINDOOSTAN-STREET.

In another quarter of the globe there lies a mighty country, the home of a varied and peculiar people. They have strange and numberless creeds, some based on comparatively modern dogmas, others upon serene and philosophic utterance of sages, whose names and eras have long since become mythic in the mists of time. Peaceful mercantile colonies of several European nations settled on its coasts as soon as European nautical science admitted of the lengthy voyage to its shores. An English colony, trading under charter, was among this number. It was chartered under a name still borne by an Honourable Company in Hindoostan-street. Great gains were acquired by traffic with the natives, with no more dishonesty than is inherent in all trade transactions, more or less. But in the course of time they grew dissatisfied with mere trade profits, they longed for the *capital* of their customers. For the nation was rich, incredibly rich, in money and in produce. Dutchman, Frank, and Englishman alike coveted their host's possessions; and each was ready to plant a dagger in his heart and despoil him, but that each feared the others. Finally, however, the trio quarrelled, and the English conquered the Dutch and the Frank, and had none to say them nay in slaying and despoiling their simple entertainers, by whose hospitality they had grown rich. Accordingly, unprincipled buccaneers traversed the land, plundering, torturing, murdering. The curses of two hundred millions of God's children ascended to Heaven, calling down His vengeance on us and our deeds. All principle, all right dealing, all humanity, were abandoned by us. Money flowed into the private and the public purse, and money had even then begun to be our God. The end of it was, that the company, by intrigue, and open, brutal force, succeeded in establishing their authority as sovereigns in that land. A little clique of city moneymongers and merchants ruled one hundred millions of a strange race, by no right save the right of the sword, of whose habits, wants, and capacities they were altogether ignorant. They only knew that if you pricked them they would bleed, and from that day to this it has been the policy of that Company to bleed them to the utmost point compatible with life.

Cries that are loud in Asia are weak when they reach Europe. Distance is an excellent bow-string. And upon this the Company have acted, and do still act. Absolute in that country, they silence the remonstrant there by their own strong arm; and they rely upon distance, the power of purse, and our indifference to far abuses, to prevent any echoes being too noisy here. To maintain a shade by such means over such enormities necessarily entails fresh enormities, and right-minded men who travel eastward, and have tongues and quills, occasionally suffer. Let us place before the reader the story of one of these sufferers.

Thirty years ago there dwelt in the great city of Calicoes (the head-quarters of that Company), a gentleman of the name of Rockingham. Upright, intelligent, generous, brave—he had an eye to see, and a pen to describe, as well as a brain to conceive. By carefulness, shrewdness, and ability, he had established a journal there, under the name of the *Calicoes Herald*. It represented a great capital, won by honest effort and intelligent thrift; and was, in every respect, a splendid property. Unfortunately for Mr. Rockingham he was a reformer, in the truest and best sense of the word. He saw evils, and he saw their remedies, and for the life of him, he could not keep peace when he saw one hundred millions misgoverned and maltreated, and when he saw how fair enterprise would give as great rewards as foul plunder. Hence, he from time to time advo-

cated reform; always temperately, properly. As a loyal gentleman ever; never as a factious demagogue. Every one of his original suggestions of importance have since been carried by the force of circumstances, and the mere agents ennobled and enriched. But in those days force of circumstances was not so strong, and the Company desired that they never should be so, so they deemed it well to keep their eye on Rockingham, and put him down as speedily as possible. The time came. A parson was made stationer to the company. Rockingham thought a parson not exactly suited to that office, and said so in his usual gentlemanly, inoffensive style. But no man must tell Jupiter drunk that his actions are not sober; he holds the thunderbolts, and there are none to question how he uses them. The Company will not be commented on, and Rockingham is forthwith ordered to depart from Calicoes. He goes, and his property is —confiscated! A splendid fortune is stolen from him—position, livelihood, are taken from him—he returns to England a ruined man—and all for writing some forty lines of type. *The Times* could not live a year with leaders so temperate and so free from personality and abuse, as was the article for which Rockingham was ruined. But the hog returneth to his wallowing in the mire, and a company whose every acre of land and every lac of rupees has been bought by bad faith or worse deeds, has small idea of the holiness of justice.

Rockingham comes to England and makes known his case. The public are indignant; but Hindoostan-street is unmoved. It will not compensate Rockingham—indeed, how can it? It would be recorded as a precedent, and hundreds of ill-used men from Calicoes, and elsewhere in that far country, would rise up and cry for justice—and native princes and humble subjects would come in swarms as thick as locust flights, and demand redress—nay, who knows but the very ghosts of wronged, and ruined, and slaughtered millions might not rise up in testimony against that company, and demand vengeance. The Company do not like such precedents, so they remain silent in Hindoostan-street, secure in their corporate nature.

Rockingham appeals to St. Stephen's. A committee sits in St. Stephen's, comprising an array of acumen and ability such as rarely has sat in a committee in that house in any age. He is among them whom all England now regrets—he also whom, a month or two ago, all England was applauding. The result of their deliberations is, that Rockingham was blameless—that the Company had sinned grievously against him—that Hindoostan-street ought at once to repair the injury it had done. But Hindoostan-street still is silent, and to this hour is silent, save when it opens its deputy-lips to growl an uncivil, No! Hindoostan-street has read Grecian history, and knows that, as certainly as people get tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, they get tired of hearing Rockingham called the Injured!

In the mean time, Rockingham supports himself manfully. He bears his head aloft honourably and honestly, and while health is in him, and strength is in him, will not sink. But age robs us all of energy and health, and Rockingham is now white, and weak, and tottering. Poverty closes in upon him and his. Once again he will speak—surely they will listen to an old, innocent man, and do him justice ere he die. Hindoostan-street will not do him justice, and St. Stephen's must be again appealed to. Let you and I, and all of us, pray Heaven that our future historians may not have to write as a nineteenth century episode—that we suffered this innocent, deeply-outraged, and grossly-wronged man to demand justice, and were too much engrossed in our sordid money-making, or our empty pleasures, to enforce his plea, but let him descend to the grave poor and suffering, knocking at the gate of Equity, and finding it still closed, asking, with his latest breath, for justice, and finding none!

Z.

THE NEWSPAPER DRAG.

A run into the country by a morning train is not a matter of such rare occurrence as to be of "thrilling interest." Every one of our possible readers may have witnessed the scenes incident to such journeys; the hot haste of foot passengers with heavy carpet-bags, the setting-down and door-slammimg of cabs, the provoking coolness of porters, the chilly gravity of booking-clerks, the chase after stray luggage, the newsboy's nasal "Paper, sir; paper, sir?" the ticket-inspection by tight men in uniform, the door-locking, the guard's whistle, the preliminary grand puff of the engine, and the simultaneous exclamation of "We're off;"—all these things are familiar; and we content ourselves, therefore, on this occasion, with the simple statement that such a journey was lately made, *in proprio persona*, in the second class carriage of a "crack railway."

For the first ten miles we were too busy with our respective *morning papers* to notice each other; and an interchange of papers then effected kept us still fully occupied, whilst the great, grunting "iron-horse" dragged us over the second ten miles of our journey. At this stage, a certain measure of fidgettiness, and sundry glances directed through the open windows, pretty surely indicated that the honey so industrially diurnally collected by the great working-bees of literature had, for that day at least, been so nearly exhausted as to compel recourse to other means of relieving the tedium of the way. For the first time examining our companions, we found that one of them, who filled a corner of the carriage, with his "back to the horses," had altogether abandoned his paper, and was deep in a volume he had drawn from his pocket, which we knew to be "Knight Hunt's Fourth Estate." He was one of those keen, quiet, penetrating, and gentlemanly individuals you frequently meet in railway carriages, and whom you intuitively set down as a *reporter* for some morning journal. Our *vis-à-vis* was, on the contrary, one of those heavy-browed, strong-featured, massive looking persons, who, see him where you may, you at once recognise in him the vivid family likeness which marks all the respectable family of honest John Bull. He is one whose calling is pretty sure to be a hand-craft, whose manners are brusque but kindly, whose name is invariably Brown—the progenitor of a tribe of little Browns, the "very image of their father."

Conversation there had been none; the *reporter* was busy with his book, the landscape was too familiar to him to win him from its pages; the papers exhausted, and the window become the only resource, when with a suddenness fairly startling, our *vis-à-vis* accosted us.

"Sir," said Brown; "we do not know his name, but it *must* be Brown; "Sir, a newspaper's a wonderful thing!" To which remarkable sentiment we curtly nodded assent, and our reporter grunted "Yes."

Ten minutes of complete silence followed, during which Brown contemplated the telegraphic posts with a fixed, abstracted gaze; when, fixing his eyes upon us, he as suddenly continued, "Yes, sir, a most wonderful thing!" The sentiment seemed to afford him satisfaction and relief. The thought was evidently too big for him; he could not digest it; and, shaking his head, he relapsed into silence, scarcely noticing, apparently, our reiterated assurance that we sympathized in his sentiment.

"Them wires puzzle me," he remarked in a tone, half soliloquy, half conversational, at the same time jerking his head towards the telegraphic posts. "Only to think now," he continued, "that, at this moment, the price of corn in Mark-lane, of meat in Smithfield, and so forth, may be rushing along them wires like a flash of live lightning, telling nobody anything on

the road, but only they as is awaiting for it where it's going to! Look at 'em: you don't see anything but a bit of wire, and a post, and a joint, and a bit of wire again, for miles and miles; put up, seemingly, for nothing else but clothes lines near the towns, and for the birds to perch on in the country. And yet are Queen's speeches, and Government orders, and death-warrants, and reprieves, and the price of pork and stock, flashing along swifter than the wind—swifter than a rifle-ball. 'Tis a most wonderful thing; a most wonderful thing! These wires puzzle me amain."

As he paused to take breath, for he spoke volubly, we noticed that our third companion had suspended his reading, and was gazing at the speaker with as much interest as ourselves. He, too, warmed with the theme, and, striking in, Smith remarked—we shall call him Smith by way of designation,—"Yes," said he, "and Nepanese Ambassadors, Chinese Mandarins, Ojibbeway Indians, or other representatives of semi-barbarism, attracted to this country by the splendour of its court, the chance of gain, or the love of novelty, can form no idea, whatever, of the important part played by that very simple machinery, as an agent of civilization, as a missionary of peace, and an apostle of good-will and common brotherhood. No, nor do Englishmen themselves yet comprehend the real uses and ultimate benefits of the electric telegraph. Why, only the other day, a message was received, by the submarine wire, from the coast of France. Will there be enmity, hatred, war, think you, between the English and French, with that electric telegraph lying at the bottom of the ocean between them?"

"Bravo!" interposed Brown; "impossible!"

"And then," continued he, "see the marvels it has wrought in connection with the newspaper press, just now referred to as a wonderful thing—and it is a wonderful thing, when comprehended in all its branches, ramifications, and extent. What would the morning journals do now without the telegraph? What would scores of provincial organs do without their 'gazette,' their 'markets,' their 'latest Parliamentary intelligence'? How would all the great occurrences of the day be simultaneously known from Land's End to John O'Groats, without the telegraph? How could journalism, fettered, encumbered, burdened as it is, be carried on with any approximation at all to the requirements and spirit of the age, without the labour-saving, distance-annihilating, pounds-shillings-and-pence-preserving electric telegraph? It is *the* invention of the age; and the marvels of the press would be insignificant indeed without steam and the telegraph."

"You speak of the burdens of journalism," said we; "it is a hackneyed phrase, and, generally speaking, is held in no high repute, either in St. Stephen's, in the public mind, or even in the chief organs of the press, themselves apparently having the strongest reason to sympathize in the outcry. Is it a mere party 'cry,' or is the 'press' really so burdened as it is made to appear?"

"What!" cried Brown, "is it no burden that, in addition to the excise duty on the paper of three half-pence per pound, I should have had to pay a penny extra for the paper I bought just now at the railway-station, because somebody else's paper has been sent free by the post? And wasn't it too bad, that when my girl wanted a situation the other day, and advertised in the county paper, she should have had to pay eighteen-pence duty to Government, in addition to the publisher's charge for insertion, while Lord D——'s great fourteen-day sale paid no more duty for advertising a whole column than did my girl for her three lines. Is that fair, I ask; is it not too bad? Why should they tax newspapers in that way? It is what I call putting on the drag, as much as a coachman puts it on going down-hill, or the driver of the engine drawing this very train. And why?—to slacken the speed—that's it, be-

cause they shouldn't go too fast. Yes, yes, it's a regular *newspaper drag*."

"And then," said Smith, "if this taxation ended here, it would not, perhaps, be so objectionable; it would not be so effective a *drag* as our friend forcibly calls it; but the misfortune of these taxes is, that they operate indirectly to the great detriment and crippling of newspaper enterprise. Take the paper duty, for instance: Mr. Knight, in his 'Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation,' states, that he paid to the Government, in all, for duty on the paper consumed in printing the 'Penny Cyclopaedia,' 16,500*l.*; and he reckons that the price of the paper, on the whole, was raised 7*s.* per ream by the operation of the tax. And then, this duty must be paid in advance, before the possibility of success or failure can be ascertained; and whether it succeeds or not, the amount of paper duty comes out of the publisher's pocket, and his loss can only be ascertained by a calculation of compound interest. Reckoning the loss in this way, Mr. Knight produces figures to show that he sustained a total burden on that single work of 32,000*l.*, and, consequently, the book only paid its expenses, and realized no profit. All this money must be added to the price of the book to the public, and is, in reality, a prohibitory duty to the great mass of readers. The duty thus levied checks the establishment of a healthy literature for *the people*. The 'Penny Magazine' paid, during its palmy days, 600*l.* a year for duty. Other similarly good publications have had to give way before this system of taxation; and that class of publications which Mr. Knight calls the 'sewer' literature, with its weekly circulation of 500,000, floods the land, without that efficient check which could be given if the paper duty were abolished."

"Besides," said Brown, "what right have governments to tax the 'raw material' of knowledge?"

"That's it," said Smith. "This tax meets the printer and publisher at the threshold of his enterprise, and adds, to all the other heavy expenses of starting newspapers or periodicals, a direct charge of three-halfpence for every pound of paper which he has to buy in, in order to carry on his publication. For a daily paper a large stock is indispensable, and it follows that there is always so much more capital lying unproductive than there need be. And then, the penny stamp on newspapers is a most vexatious impost. It is pretended that an equivalent for this stamp is afforded by newspapers being allowed to pass free of postage to all parts of the United Kingdom; but it is well known that a comparatively small portion of these papers go through the post at all, the great bulk of the morning papers being sent by the morning trains, so that Mr. Sniggs, at Newcastle, receiving his paper on the day of publication, has to pay for its carriage by rail and a fee to the Government for *not* receiving it by post. Then, too, the penny stamp must be added to the price of the paper as well as the paper duty, and this penny wholly prevents cheap papers for the million; for it not merely makes the Squire of Broadacres pay a penny more for his *Times*, but it wholly prevents the poor man, who could pay fourpence, but not fivepence, from seeing the paper at all, except at second hand, within reach of temptation in a publican's bar."

"But," we remarked, "the penny of which you complain cannot be of so much importance — how must it have been when the duty was fourpence a sheet? According to your theory, there should have been scarcely any papers in those days."

"And that was the fact," replied Smith. "Before the first halfpenny of duty was imposed by Queen Anne, in 1712, a number of cheap sheets were in circulation, and the productions of Addison and the classic essayists of his time were given to the world in a cheap and popular form. But a great proportion of these were

swept away by the halfpenny stamp. Some few, however, did still linger on, but the price had to be raised higher than would pay the mere duty, in order to make the journals pay. The imposition of another halfpenny in that of Geo. II., of two more halfpence in that of Geo. III., and the sweeping addition of three-halfpence by 37 Geo. III. cap. 90, making the whole duty fourpence per sheet, still further decreased the circulation of newspapers amongst the middle and lower classes, and kept journalism at a complete stand-still. The reduction of the duty by 6 & 7 William IV. c. 76 from fourpence to one penny, removed the intensity of the pressure, and the number of stamps issued to English newspapers rose at one bound from 31,533,023 to 54,500,513 in 1840, and 60,201,133 in 1844; clearly showing the impetus given to newspaper production by the reduction of the duty. So with regard to the advertisement duty. It formerly stood at 3*s. 6d.* for every advertisement: by 3 and 4 William IV. cap. 23, it was at once reduced to 1*s. 6d.* The year previous to the reduction there were 921,943 advertisements published in the United Kingdom, paying 172,570*l.*: in 1841, the number had increased to 1,778,957, and the duty amounted to 128,318*l.* Thus, by lowering taxation on the press, newspapers have nearly doubled their circulation, and the advertisements have correspondingly increased, clearly showing the pernicious effects of 'putting on the drag.'"

"Ah," said Brown, rubbing his hands, "didn't I say a newspaper is a wonderful thing? and so it is! That there should be any paper manufacture at all, or newspapers at all, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the exciseman dead against 'em, is," said he, slowly rubbing his palms on his knees, "a most wonderful thing! I can't for the life of me understand how they have managed to 'go the pace' with such a stiff drag on 'em. Well, what is the revenue derived from these taxes? It should be something pretty stiff, to be held with such a tight hand, now we give away our twelve thousands a year to young dukes, and build stables for little boys before they can bestride a horse!"

"According to the latest return," replied Smith, who seemed a perfect encyclopaedia of facts and figures relative to his profession, "the number of stamps issued to newspapers in the United Kingdom for the year 1840, was—

" For England and Wales, penny	66,159,502
" halfpenny	10,300,233
" Scotland, penny	6,288,205
" halfpenny	205,000
" Ireland, penny	6,345,227
" halfpenny	38,843

89,346,010

"The number of papers was 603; the number of advertisements, 2,182,262, paying as duty, 158,164*l. 16s.* Our friend may well say it is a marvel how the press has progressed with such a weight of taxation upon it: it shows strikingly the immense energy and skill expended upon it, as well as the extent of the demand; for if such is the present rate of increase what would it be were all these imposts removed? Were this the case, the relief would be great, and the loss to the revenue would not be large, considering to how great an extent it would benefit the public, and promote the industry of the country, on which, of course, revenue must depend.

"The whole revenue derived from the taxes on knowledge for the year 1848 was—

	£	s.	d.
Paper Duty, at 1 <i>d.</i> per lb.	745,795	9	5
Stamps.....	360,273	19	7
Advertisements	153,018	10	0
Customs Duties on Foreign Books	7,047	13	7
	<hr/>		
	1,266,733	15	7

No very large sum, one would suppose, to be spared by the Chancellor; but session after session passes by, and it is never the 'convenient season.'

"If all this, then, is as you say," we remarked, "is it not surprising that the great organs of public opinion do not take the matter up more seriously than they are doing? Why, only the other day, we noticed that *The Times* stated the amount of its contribution to the 'taxes on knowledge' to be 95,000*l.* per annum—viz., paper duty, 16,000*l.* per annum; stamps, 60,000*l.*; and advertisement duty, 19,000*l.* Why does not *The Times* agitate in favour of a movement which would save them this outlay?"

"Oh!" said Smith, with a smile, but whether at our ignorance, or at the idea of *The Times* leading the van, we could not rightly determine,—"*The Times* enjoys a monopoly of advertisements, and these bring in a large revenue to the proprietary. Were the taxes on knowledge annihilated, the charge for advertising would be reduced; the number of advertisers would be indefinitely increased; scores of cheap daily and weekly papers would start into existence; the advertisements would keep them afloat, as well as a large circulation which their cheapness would obtain for them amongst those who take no papers at present; the monopoly of *The Times* would be infringed, and it would share the advertisements, instead of gorging, as it does, about two-thirds of all the advertisements published in London. *The Times* is a good property with the taxes; it might not be greatly improved without them; and therefore it gravely sets itself to keep all inconvenient opponents out of the field, and pays its 95,000*l.* a year contentedly."

"Would the reduction of eighteenpence on the cost of advertisements so greatly multiply them?" we inquired.

"Undoubtedly. The saving to advertisers would be more than the mere duty. The lowest price of an advertisement in a daily paper is five shillings, including the duty; the price charged by the few papers which circulated from the time of the Restoration to the imposition of the stamp duty in 1712 seldom exceeded a shilling, and some of them were only sixpence. Probably eighteenpence would be found to be a remunerating charge for short advertisements; for the publisher would not have the duty to pay whether he can get repaid or not, and would not have the disagreeable necessity of seeking two good sureties to join with him in a bond for payment of the duties, and requiring references from them to show they were worth 500*l.* each."

"But whew!—what's this?—so soon, eh? Here, gentlemen, I leave you; let us hope in a 'good time coming,' said our quondam reporter; and here, too, we all parted, each to pursue our several ways: the reporter to his public meeting; Brown to his chubby wife and rollicking young Browns, and we to reflect, and pen this article, satisfied that at least there is one countering influence to the 'fast' tendencies of the age in the venerable and laudable institution of the NEWSPAPER DRAG.

O.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakespeare gives us golden apples in silver dishes. We get, indeed, the silver dishes by studying his works; but, unfortunately, we have only potatoes to put into them.—*Goethe.*

STORMS ANTICIPATED.

The advantages of the electric telegraph in America, where it extends over several thousand miles, are of immense value, merely as giving notice of storms. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at about the same rate as a carrier pigeon—sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed twenty hours in advance, that a south-west storm is advancing on the coast from the Gulf of Mexico, and thus escape all danger by waiting till it has passed.

DR. DAVID STRAUSS IN WEIMAR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

THE "Fremdenbuch" (Visitor's Book) of the Elephant Hotel in Weimar contains, under the date of the 12th August 1849, a rather remarkable autograph, which the curious collector would do well to buy, if possible, or, if not possible, then to beg or steal. Perhaps, among the many distinguished names which the long series of *Fremdenbücher* kept at Weimar during the last fifty years must necessarily exhibit, there are few to which an earnest, thinking man would attach the same profound, though somewhat painful, degree of interest. It is the name of "Dr. David Strauss, aus Ludwigsburg," written by himself.

"How!"—you exclaim in a mingled tone of surprise and incredulity—"Dr. Strauss in Weimar? David Strauss among the pilgrims to the tomb of the poets!"

It does sound apocryphal—*mythical*, if you will. One would almost as soon expect to hear of the late Dr. Johan Faust himself paying a visit to the ghost of Goethe. Nevertheless, and in spite of all that learned critics, a thousand years hence, may advance and prove to the contrary, a veritable fact it is, Strauss actually has been among us—has been seen here in the body during several days by several witnesses, the present writer being one.

It is my intention here briefly to record the impression which I still retain of my transient intercourse with this celebrated man. Such a record can scarce be considered as a breach of confidence, an invasion of the sacred domains of private life: the author of the "*Leben Jesu*" is a public, I had almost said, an historical character.

Up to his arrival in Weimar, my relation to Strauss had been merely of that mystic, invisible, and impersonal description, which usually subsists between a gifted writer and his readers. But even before I knew the language, and, by consequence, before I could read the works of Strauss, I had heard much and often of the young Tübingen theologian, who, at the age of twenty-seven years, with all the moral courage of a Luther, all the critical skill, and more than all the learning of a Lessing, had arisen and implicitly declared to the whole German nation, and to the world at large, that their belief rested on a false basis (in his opinion).

Though educated in a country where every man reads and reverences his Bible, I had likewise arrived at that, in every sense, *critical* period, which is, I suppose, common to all men of an inquiring disposition. I, too, had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—had become as a god in my own conceit, knowing good from evil. I had passed through the French and English schools of scepticism, with my orthodoxy, if not intact, at least not vitally injured. To study Strauss, therefore, seemed a mere matter of course. Well; I read his celebrated work. It contained nothing absolutely new, either in assertion or opinion. I had met with the same *wooden* arguments I had so often smiled at in the writings of the French and English free-thinkers, seemed here to annihilate me. In vain I said to myself, "they are still wooden!" Strauss had so sheathed and bound them with his triple fold of *brass*. In other words, had so supported and confirmed them with his unheard-of array of learning, logic, and science; that nothing, I thought, could resist them. It seemed as if the world-old, hereditary feud between faith and reason were here to be terminated for ever. As I read, the solid earth seemed to be giving way beneath me; and when I at length closed the ominous volume, I could have almost cried out with the chorus in Faust: "Weh! Weh! du hast sie zerstört die schöne Welt!" (Woe! woe! thou hast shattered the lovely world!)

It is unusual, I believe, to speak out these bosom secrets in this way; but I thought it necessary to give you this, by no means exaggerated description of my first spiritual encounter with the author of the *Leben Jesu*, in order that you might have some idea of the feelings with which, on the third morning after his arrival in Weimar, I received and read the following whimsical note:—

"Herrn M—
bietet
A. S.

heute um 2 Uhr bei ihm mit Suppe
und Strauss vorlieb zu nehmen.

Weimar, 15th August, 1840."

How basily my fancy was employed the whole of that forenoon, I need not stop here to tell. Enough, that of all the various pictures she then drew for me, not one resembled the pale, the slightly made, and, but for a partial stoop, the somewhat tall, half-lay, half-clerical figure in spectacles, to whom I was presented on arriving at my friend's apartments. This was Strauss himself, whose portrait I may as well go on and finish here at once as well as I can, and so have done with externals.

Judging from appearance, Strauss's age might be anywhere between forty and fifty. But for his light brown, glossy hair, I should have said nearer the latter than the former. I have since ascertained, however, that he is, or was then, exactly forty-one years of age. His head is the very contrary of massive,—as, indeed, his whole figure is the opposite of robust or muscular. But it—the head—is of a purely classical form, having none of those bumps and extravagant protuberances, which phrenologists delight in. His profile, in particular, might be called truly Grecian, were it not for the thin and somewhat pinched lips, which give it an almost ascetical character. Strange enough, too, this same character of asceticism, or something akin to it, seems likewise indicated by a peculiar expression in his otherwise fine, dark-brown eyes. It is not a squint, as at first sight it appears, but a frequent turning-upward of the eye-balls, like a Methodist at his devotions, which, in Strauss's case, is of course involuntary. Perhaps it is to conceal this slight blemish that he wears spectacles, for his large and lustrous eyes did not else appear to need them. I have said that Strauss was slightly made; and, in fact, this is so much the case as to suggest the idea of a consumptive habit. Nor do his narrow shoulders and hollow breast, together with a certain swinging serpentine gait when he walks, seem to contradict the supposition. I have little more to add to this feeble sketch of Strauss's outward man; for it would, I suppose, be too trifling a circumstance to mention that I had seldom seen a more thorough-bred hand and foot than his!

My entrance had interrupted a conversation, which Strauss presently resumed, and which proved to be on the eternal topic of polities. His voice was strong and deep, but he spoke (and it seemed to be a habit with him) in a subdued tone, and with a very decided Württemberg accent. I was surprised at some of the high-Tory opinions to which he gave utterance. I had not expected to find the author of the *Leben Jesu* on the Conservative side of any question. It seemed inconsistent. But I recollect that the man was now on the wrong side of forty; and I could not help thinking that if, instead of publishing his destructive book at the age of twenty-seven, he had waited with it till now, he might possibly have postponed it altogether. At table, our talk was of the usual common-place description; and it may be worth while observing that, even Strauss could be common-place with as good a grace as any. Our host and he had, it seems, been fellow-students together, and, of course, there was no want of anecdotes

* "A. S. requests the pleasure of Mr. M—'s company to-day, at two o'clock, to soup and Strauss."—S.

and reminiscences of those early days, all of which appeared to give him exquisite pleasure. In particular, I remember that he spoke with much fervour of the fine mountain scenery in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg; and when a friendly discussion arose amongst us as to whether the mountains or the ocean were the sublimer spectacle, Strauss argued warmly in favour of the former. Some one (myself, I believe) happening to say that, like Goethe and Schiller, they were both *superlative*, and not to be *compared*—"Bravo!" cried Strauss, and good-humouredly gave up his position. The conversation now naturally turned upon Goethe, and upon all the localities in and about Weimar, connected with his memory. Like a pious pilgrim, as he was, Strauss, as I found, had already been to all these places, with the exception of the garden-house and garden. It was proposed to conduct him thither immediately.

The extreme and almost primitive simplicity of the house in which Goethe had spent some of the happiest days of his life, seemed to astonish Strauss. He made few remarks to that effect, however, but there was no end to his eager questionings. He touched the walls, the doors, the locks—whatever it might be supposed Goethe had touched. He peeped into every corner, scrutinized even the minutest details; and all this with the utmost outward composure, so that, if I had not closely watched him, it might have escaped my notice! In the garden, I showed him Goethe's favorite walk, and some oaks and firs planted by the poet's own hand. He gathered an oak-leaf and put it in his pocket-book. He did the same by the flower of a hollyhock, the only kind of flower remaining, which plant I knew for certain dated its existence from the time of Goethe. The pocket-book was already full of such reliques. From this time forth, therefore, let no man say that Strauss is devoid of veneration! Man was made for adoration. He cannot help it. Pity, only, that he sometimes mistakes the object of it.

In the mean while Strauss and I had somehow drawn nearer to each other, and had begun to hold little dialogues apart together. We talked of England, where he had never been,—of English literature which he knew chiefly through the medium of translation. Shakspeare of course was duly discussed,—for, like all educated Germans, Strauss was an enthusiast about Shakspeare. He asked me if I had read Gerinus's new work, and was evidently pleased with the way in which I spoke of it. By-and-bye I ventured to allude to the *Leben Jesu*. It was not without considerable hesitation. He seemed, I think, to enjoy my embarrassment,—and told me he had seen several specimens of an English translation of the *Leben Jesu*, which a young lady, a Miss Brabant, was preparing for publication! There was something *Mephistophelian* in the smile with which he told me this. Such a work, he continued, was, however, not likely to succeed in England: for there was Hennel, who had published an amazingly clever work of the same kind in London, and yet the British public seemed to have made a point of completely *ignoring* it. The work had, however, been translated into German, and he (Strauss himself) had written a preface to it. As I now perceived that the subject was anything but a delicate one with Strauss, I determined upon accepting a proposal he had made me to accompany him on the morrow to Doornburg and Jena. There were inconsistencies in his system, which I had the vanity to think I might convince him of, and a *tête-à-tête* like the one in prospect was just what I wanted.

We returned to S—'s for tea, with the addition to our party of a distinguished philologian of this town, whose presence seemed to call forth all the intellectual energies of Strauss, so that, in the course of the evening, I had more than one occasion to admire the variety and depth of the man's attainments. It is

impossible to recollect everything, but what especially excited my attention was, that, in a very learned discussion concerning the comparative merits of the ancient and modern drama, Strauss suggested the character and fate of Tiberius as the best subject for a tragedy in the whole compass of history. I was struck, too, and with reason, I think, with a new and flagrant instance of the Conservative tendency which his mind seems of late to have fallen into. In talking of Horace, whose works, and particularly whose odes he appeared to have at his finger's ends, he defended the elder state of the texts with amazing pertinacity, treating with contempt every change and suggestion of such, which the sacrilegious commentators of our times have ventured upon. Such opinions in the mouth of the author of the *Leben Jesu* sounded strange enough, and again I could not help saying to myself: "Why the deuce did he publish that destructive work of his in his twenty-seventh year?"

The following day, being prevented by pressing engagements from leaving town, I prevailed upon Strauss to put off his journey for a day longer. I saw little of him in the meantime, and had therefore leisure to bring into some kind of order and method a series of objections which I had noted down during a second and more critical perusal of the *Leben Jesu*. On mature reflection, it had occurred to me that, after all, the Christian religion had, in the course of eighteen centuries, survived far worse things than even Strauss's book. This idea now gave me courage to look this Goliath in the face, and, though I "was but a youth (so to speak) and he a man of war," to go up against him, if occasion offered, even with my "script" and "sling" and my "five smooth stones out of the brook."

Next morning then, in pursuance of our plan, Strauss and I started with the first train for Apolda, whence we went on foot across the fields to Doornburg. There we breakfasted in Goethe's room; saw the poet's handwriting on the wall; walked along his favourite terrace-walk, where I, for the time as much of a hero-worshipper as Strauss himself, recited aloud the beautiful song, "Da droben auf jenem Berge," &c., which Goethe is said to have composed on this very spot. I expected Strauss to be moved almost to tears, instead of which he burst out in a most uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which I as uncontrollably joined when he told me the cause, which was this:—In Munich or Ludwigsburg (I forgot which) there was once a house of public entertainment, called from its sign "the Lamb's Wool," as its proprietor was called "the Lamb's Wool landlord." This landlord had, it seems, been one of his own best customers, in consequence of which he soon became bankrupt, which sad event a poet of the same town, most probably another of the landlord's best customers, commemorated in a few stanzas entitled: "Des Lamswollwirthes Klagelied," (the host of the Lamb's Wool's Lament) a parody on the above song of Goethe's, and suggested, doubtless, by these two lines:—

"Ich bin herunter gekommen,
Und weiss doch selber nicht wie!"*

Nothing could exceed the humour with which Strauss told me this droll anecdote, and, for my part, I feel that I shall never again be able to recite Goethe's pathetic song with becoming gravity.

From Doornburg we walked to Jena, where we arrived to dinner. It rained torrents, but Strauss was

* To explain this joke to the un-Germanised reader, it will be necessary to inform him that the title of Goethe's poem is "The Shepherd's Lament," wherein a shepherd, leaving his native hills, gives a lingering look up at the familiar mountain, and sings regrettely

"I have to the valley descended,
And how I cannot tell."

Herunter kommen, means also to decline, to fail, and upon this turns the joke.

not to be baulked of what he came for. We trudged like *Schwärmer* (enthusiasts), as he said, through mud and rain to all the Goethe and Schiller relics, the library, the observatory, and, last of all, the Princess's garden, where the statue of the eagle with its three poetical inscriptions long detained us. Returned to our inn, and about to take a final leave of Strauss; now, I thought, or never was the time to fulfil the object for which I had accompanied him thus far. All day, hitherto, our talk had been of the poets—Greek, Roman, English, and German, and so much erudition, taste, and feeling, I had rarely found united. His mind seemed to have fed on poetry and nothing else; and I know not how it was, but I could not till now resolve to speak the word which I knew would disenchant him. Now, however, the probability that we should never see each other again on this side eternity, gave a solemn, perhaps superstitious, turn to my thoughts. As he sat there in silence before me, like the sphinx of which he had spoken so mysteriously, in descanting that morning on the master-piece of Sophocles, I felt that now I must speak out or else look to be devoured. I at once entered on the subject, therefore, and delivered myself of all the objections I had so elaborately arranged and prepared. His answer was evasive; and the topic was changed into an argument.

Strauss was to leave with the diligence at eight o'clock for Rudolstadt. I cordially shook hands with him, bade God bless him, and, hiring a conveyance, drove directly back to Weimar. On the way home, I conceived the plan of a poem, which, if it were completed, I would insert here. It will probably never be completed. Instead of it, therefore, I will communicate something far more interesting—a copy of verses written by Strauss himself, on returning from his pilgrimage to the tomb of the poets; and with which I conclude what I had to say regarding Dr. David Strauss in Weimar:—

"Heim kehr' ich an dem Pilgerstahe
Zwar wegemath, doch still vergnügt,
An des Propheten heil'gen Grabe
Hab ich der frommen Pflicht genügt.

"Durch seines Gartens Schattenwege
Folgt' ich die Spur von seinem Fuss,
Und aus den Bäumen seiner Pflege
Vernahm ich seines Geistes Gruss.

"Ich sah in Briefen in Gedichten
Die Züge der verehrten Hand,
Und den lebendigen Berichten
Hab ich mich lauschend zugewandt.

"Auch jenes Zimmer schlicht und enge
Hab ich mit frommer Schen besucht
Wo oft in glänzendem Gedränge
Hin alle Götter heimgesucht.

"Am Bette stand ich, wo dem Dichter
Der Schlummer Mohn in's Auge goss,
Bis mit dem Ruf um hell're Lichter
Er es zum letzten male schloss.

"Im Lesen von den heil'gen Orten
Bin doppelt ich fortan erbaut:
Ich habe Wesen in den Worten
Nun ich es alles selbst geschaut."

J. M.

Weimar, 30th Dec. 1850.

[Dr. Strauss, as a poet, being almost a *lusus nature*, according to English ideas of him, we have thought it right to translate this poem. Here, accordingly, is the best English version possible to us in the little time allowed by an inexorable printer:—

On pilgrim staff I homeward come,
Wayworn, but still with pleasure warmed;
At the great prophet's holy tomb,
The pious rites I have performed.

I, in his garden's shady walk,
Recalled the prints of footsteps lost;
And from the tree his care had raised,
I plucked a greeting from his ghost.

I saw in letters and in poems,
His honoured hand's laborious toil;
And many loving recollections,
Inquiry won me for my spoil.

Through every chamber, small and homely,
With holy reverence did I roam,
Where oft the gods in radiant concourse
Came thronging to their loved one's home.

By the bed stood I where the poet
In placid sleep his eyes repos'd,
Till summoned to a nobler being
For the last time their lids he closed.

In reading of the holy places,
Henceforth have I a doubled zeal,
I have a being in the writing,
For all of it I know and feel.

S.]

LOVERS' AMAZEMENTS;*

OR, HOW WILL IT END?

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ACT III.—SCENE III.—*A drawing-room, with wax-lights on the table, nearly burnt out. The Countess and Louise, both in evening dresses, are discovered, conversing and embroidering.*

Countess (sighing). Suppose we change our theme.

Louise. With all my heart.
What think you of these flowers, that I have finish'd
For the poor widow?

Countess. They are beautiful;
And so is the whole trail. 'T is like sweet thoughts,
Loving and clinging to bed of sorrow.

Louise. That was my fancy. Flowers cannot but
please,
They seem such pure good nature on the part
Of Nature's self.

Countess. Even when poisonous?

Louise. Yes, when we come to know them; for the
poison

Is, itself, medicine for some great need.

Countess. You make me feel as mournful music does;
I mean, as if no beauty could exist
But for some mourning; some dark ground to set
The diamonds of delight in. By the way,
Have you observ'd that there's a sort of talk
In music; something that appears to mean
More than we give its lovely tongue the credit of—
Positive argument, and chains of reasoning?

Louise. Often. De Torcy used to love an air
I played on the spinnet, that seemed to question,
Answer, and question, and so run the round
Of some sweet logic; every link of it
Being so drawn from, so deduc'd, from t'other,
That at the close you felt as much convinc'd
Of some fine truth, although you knew not what,
As though an angel had been talking it.

'T was call'd the Lover's Plea, and came from Rome.
Countess. I've heard De l'Orme play it upon the
flute.—

But why bring back De Torcy?
Louise. Why De l'Orme?

Countess. See what the candles tell us. We sit here
Talking and babbling, and should be in bed.

(They rise, and prepare to light their tapers. The
house-bell is heard, loudly ringing.)
What can that mean?

* Continued from p. 172.

Louise. 'T is very late.
Countess. So loud too!

After the Sister's fashion!

Louise. Should I go?

Countess. I wouldn't pain you by advising not;
But people must be told that you design
To cast your feathers and take nest with me;
Else bird-calls may grow dangerous.

(A voice is heard on the staircase.)

What is this?

[Enter a Servant followed by La Rouse.]

Servant. Madam, the strangest gentleman.—

La Rouse. By no means.

These ladies know me very well.—Oh Countess,
Oh Mad'moiselle La Motte, exquisite friends,—
Admirable, amiable, adorable women,
Be pleased to utter not a syllable,
Till you have heard me speak. Not for myself;
I'm nobody; or rather, I'm a rascal,
Jack-pudding, fool, and fop; but for a gentleman
Worthy your pity and your instant help.
My only merit is in that he has pardon'd me;
And this emboldens me to ask, not only
Pardon from you, which, with eternal shame,
And infinite self-abasement, on my knees—
Though I don't kneel—horrible haste not letting me—
I do, desperately, ask,—but faith, belief,
E'en in La Rouse's words, when I inform you
That if you don't assist,—I mean you, madam—(to the
Countess)

This poor unfortunate gentleman, this instant,
With your good word, your testimony, knowledge
Of his good name, and who in fact, he is—
That being the question with the magistrate—
I wouldn't give a rush for his existence
A fortnight longer. (aside.) That's the gravest lie
I ever utter'd; but these worthy souls
Will make us do it!

Countess. What is all this, sir?

And who is it you speak of?

La Rouse. The Chevalier—
Noble De Torcy; who has had, it seems,
The misery to offend you; which he mourns
With such a desperate sorrow, that he willingly
Suffers these people to confound him, madam,
With a wild fool, a cousin, who has slain
A rival shamefully—committed murder:—
Murder;—and so here's the Chevalier, madam,
Lock'd in his room with twenty men about him,
All watching him with their infernal eyes
To see he does not kill himself. I left him
Handcuff'd and manacled—Oh, Ma'm'selle La Motte!—
And owning, with a kind of savage joy,
That he possess'd not in the whole vile town,—
Town, mind—not country—that's a different matter—
One single friend to speak to his good name.

Countess. But he has, sir. That cannot be. He has.
I know at least of one: for—

La Rouse. What, the man
He had some money of, for something? He,
Heav'n bless you, is the very man that's gone,
And left him thus to settle for them both.

Countess (aside to Louise). Good heavens! the
ransom!

La Rouse (aside). That's well guessed,
however.

(Aloud.) And the worst is (for I am bound to own it),
He would not let me come to speak to you:
At least, he utterly forbade it; told me,
That he should die with shame, and hate and loathe
me,
He loves you so, but thinks you so above
His late mistake and present misery.
So that unless you do a thing not pleasing
To your own self, however good for him,

My folly will have slain him. Oh, the day!

Countess (aside to Louise). What think you?

Louise (pointing underhand to La Rouse). What is't
possible to think,

'Twixt doubts of him, and the strange look of truth?

Countess (to La Rouse). Couldn't I send? or
couldn't some authority

Be sent to me?

La Rouse. Yes, when too late. Ten minutes
May see the charge made out, the prisoner gone,
And—

Countess. Money, sir—I am ashame'd, but money—

La Rouse. Might have done much—oh, yes—
bribes—poor Chevalier!

How he blushed up to the eyes when they were
hinted—

Then sigh'd, and vow'd, and I believe him too,
He wouldn't have given a franc to save his going
To twenty deaths. But pardon me:—Time, time,
Time's everything; and though while I stay here,
I cannot be quite wretched, yet, alas!

I must go back alone, if you won't trust me.

Nay, as to that, don't trust me. Let your servants
Come with us, every one of them, all arm'd,
And cut me into pieces at his door,

If you don't settle it all in twenty seconds,

And so return. [Countess and Louise confer.] Let
them but come together

And—(aloud, and bowing to the Countess, as if taking
his leave) Your unhappy servant.

Countess.

Stay: we'll go sir.

Bid, if you please, my servants get the carriage,
And we'll attend you.

La Rouse.

Will you? Then by all

(Exeunt the ladies.)

The hopes I raise, what if my own should fail!

(Exit.)

(Scene the last in our next.)

THE GLEANER.

1. Very few statues of the god Neptune have been preserved. This has been a subject of lamentation to all antiquaries. Boettiger, a distinguished German writer on mythology, supposes that the monks of the dark ages, mistaking the god of the ocean's trident for the three-pronged fork which superstition had put into the hand of the devil, destroyed the statues of Neptune under the impression that they were doing a holy work.

2. In Voigt's History of Pope Gregory VII., a work of great erudition, but very clumsily constructed, and with little interest for the general reader, is found the following curious narrative:—In 1055, Pope Victor II. sent Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., into France to root out simony, which was extending rapidly, and producing very disastrous effects there. The legate hastened to assemble a Council, at which was present an Archbishop of considerable learning, but who was reproached with the crime of simony. On the day after the Synod had been opened, the prelate, having bribed his accusers, presented himself boldly before the assembled fathers and said—"Where are those who accuse me? Let him present himself who wishes to condemn me." All were silent, when Hildebrand turning toward him asked—"Dost thou believe that the Holy Spirit is of the same substance as the Father and the Son?" "That is my belief." "Well, then, pronounce these words—Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit." But the prelate could not say "To the Holy Spirit," though he tried several times to do so. This was regarded as a judgment of Heaven: the criminal fell down at the feet of Hildebrand, confessed himself guilty of simony, and was deprived of his ecclesiastical dignities. Immediately afterwards he uttered, without difficulty, the words "To the Holy Spirit." The impression produced by this event was so deep, that twenty-seven other dignitaries of the Church, besides forty-five bishops, confessed the same crime, and resigned their situations.

3. Near, Ornans in *Franche Comté*, is a very deep well

which overflows in wet weather and casts forth great quantities of fish.

4. In the neighbourhood of Grenoble is a place called *Fontaine Ardente*, whence escape flames that burn straw, paper, wood, but do not set gunpowder on fire.

5. In Provence is Colmars, a little town, near which is a remarkable fountain, which flows and stops for seven minutes alternately.

6. In the French province of *Bourbonnais*, now the department of *Allier*, is a town called Bourbon l'Archambault, and which is remarkable for its baths. The waters employed for those baths are salt, and leave on the edge of the vessel a yellow colour with a smell of sulphur. They are so hot that the hand cannot be held in them without pain, yet eggs cannot be cooked, nor are plants withered in them. They do not boil more rapidly than cold water when put on the fire immediately after being drawn from the fountain. A green slime rests on the surface when the weather is fine, and disappears when it is about to rain.

7. There is no greater grief, says Dante, than to remember in our misery the happiness of the past.

8. Louis XIV. once addressed the following elegant compliment to Massillon, one of the most eloquent of preachers, and perhaps unsurpassed for beauty of style:—"My Father, I have heard many great pulpit orators, and I have been much pleased with them; but every time I hear you I am exceedingly displeased with myself," alluding to the sorrow for sin which Massillon's sermons excited in him.

9. According to some commentators, Adam and Eve remained only seven hours in paradise, from daybreak till noon.

10. "What is the most dangerous of all animals?" said some one to Diogenes. "Among wild animals the slanderer, and among the tame the flatterer," replied he.

11. "Be assured," says Richter, "that it is more difficult and needful to love those who despise you than those who hate you."

12. Slaves in Brazil when they find a diamond of great value in the diamond mines, are set free.

13. The Romans manufactured ropes from broom, and on board their ships they preferred ropes of this kind to those made from hemp.

14. Bernardin de Saint Pierre informs us that the flower of the cinnamon tree has a most offensive smell, whilst the odour of the bark and of the wood is exceedingly agreeable.

15. Luther frequently repeated that it was scarcely possible to be a prince and not be a robber.

16. In the time of Louis XIV. sugar was sold in France by none but apothecaries.

17. "How does it happen," said Napoleon one day to Laplace, "that a glass of water in which I melt a bit of sugar, appears to me much better than one into which I put a similar quantity of pounded sugar?" "Sire," replied Laplace, "there exist three substances of which the principles are exactly the same, namely sugar, gum, and starch; they differ only as regards certain conditions, the secret of which nature has reserved to herself. And I think it is possible that in the collision which is produced by the pestle some saccharine portions pass into the state of gum or starch, and cause the difference which takes place in this case."

18. Mirabeau said of a man who was exceedingly fat that God had created him only to show to what point the human skin could stretch without breaking.

19. Brillat-Savarin in his witty book on the Physiology of Taste (*Physiologie du Goût*), informs us that a gentleman dining with some others was requested during the dessert to take some raisins:—"No, thank you," said he, "I am not in the habit of taking my wine in pills."

20. Formerly the Jews would not permit their children to read the Song of Solomon till they had arrived at the age of thirty.

21. The Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, whose dispute with Gregory VII. is so famous, deprived the monks of Malmédy of their abbey, to give it to one of his favourites. They came before him in a body to request its restoration to them. But their prayers and tears were all in vain. At last, says the Chronicler, they placed on the table the bones of Saint Remaclus. The table immediately fell down in pieces, and the king struck with such an extraordinary event, consented to their demand.

22. Gregory VII. sent to Alphonso, king of Bastille, a key of gold which had been blessed and made holy with the chains of Saint Peter. This was to sustain Alphonso in the faith, and to reward him for his fidelity to the See of Rome

Talk of the Week.

Her Majesty's Present to the Charter-house.—Gore House and Alexis Soyer.—Dust of Alexander in a Bung-hole.—Protection for the Children.—The Crystal Palace Clock.—The Great Globe.

Her Majesty the Queen has just presented to the library of the Charter-house a handsome copy of the *Quarterly Review*. Eighty-six volumes in all, neatly bound, and in excellent condition. The liberality is equalled by the discretion; for surely there could be no gift more acceptable to the inmates of that institution than books. We are told that they felt deeply grateful to her Majesty, and we are sure that many, uninterested in the gift itself, will be interested in the announcement; and that it will tend to stimulate and feed that loyalty, and that enlarged spirit of right interpretation of the wishes and feelings of the highest in the land, among those whose fortune or misfortune it may be to be at the base of the social ladder; which loyalty and which spirit has, to a very great extent, been recreated and constituted a fact by a succession of such graceful and generous actions as that we have now recorded.

Alas, for Gore-house! Its glory is indeed departed. The palace of brilliant reunions of beauty, and wit, and genius, is now about to be metamorphosed into a public-house. Alexis Soyer has taken it for a "Symposium of all Nations." But by whatever name he may call it, in plain English it is to be simply a public-house. On the green doors of Gore-house is duly pasted a paper announcing that Alexis Soyer is about to apply for a wine and spirit license. Where Blessington reigned, and "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," Count D'Orsay, satirized and sketched, where Tom Moore sang, and many that posterity will not let die congregated, will Soyer cook chops in patent stoves, in the twinkling of an eye, for astonished Cockneys; and Chinese, Turks, Croats, and dwellers in Mesopotamia drink their drinks and eat their respective meat; and Germans, bearded like the pard, smoke their meerschaums, amid gutturals and guk-guk.

"To what base uses may we not be turned, Horatio?"

It appears that immediate steps are to be taken to remedy the legal anomalies complained of in our last. Mr. Barnes, of the Poor Law Department, has applied for leave to bring in a bill to meet a portion of the case. We are not aware how far it will go to increase the punishment for such crimes. We fear it will not grapple with that part of the question. But the mere fact of an officer being appointed to look after workhouse children, with power to prosecute, will be something in defence of the children of England, with the thanks of good citizens.

The transept of the Crystal Palace is attracting great attention, owing to the preparations now making for a monster electric clock. The face of this clock is upon an entirely novel principle. The form of the front of the transept is semicircular, and to suit that the clock dial is of the same form. The fingers will have, therefore, to skip a large semicircle, usually occupied by the hours of from four to eight. Thus an interesting external exhibition will be afforded to all passers by, at the fee suggested by Mr. Paxton, viz., nothing.

Mr. Wyld is engaged in constructing a model of the globe, sixty feet in height. It will be on a scale of one inch to ten miles, and will exhibit mountains, &c., in the same proportions. A building, for its reception, is to be erected in the centre of Leicester Square. This will be an exhibition unsurpassed by the Glass Palace itself.

S.

Fragments.

NO REJOICINGS TILL THE WORK BE DONE.

It is ill-timed to make great feasts and rejoicings for one just born, which ought rather to be deferred, to commemorate the virtues of a well-spent life.—*Michael Angelo.*

ATTEMPT NOT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Man is born, not to solve the problems of the Universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.—*Goethe.*

ROYAL SERMONS.

The usual length of a sermon at the Chapel Royal, is about twenty minutes. This is said to have been too long for George II., who once told Archbishop Gilbert, to see that those clergymen who preached to the Court should be particularly short, as he was in danger of falling asleep when they were too long. In consequence of this hint, the sermons were reduced to fifteen minutes, to the great satisfaction of the king, who frequently testified his approval by remarking to the clerk of the closet, "a short good sermon."

THE LAND OF DOLLARS.

Our republican brethren on the other side of the Atlantic sneer at our *Court Circular* with its circumstantial notices of the everyday doings of royalty. And yet, the fashionable intelligence of the capital of the United States does not seem to have any very dignified advantage over us in this particular. Take, for example, the following paragraph in a Washington daily paper:—"The Secretary of War took an airing to-day in his New York thousand-dollar carriage."

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

When General Oglethorpe, then a youth of fifteen, was serving under Prince Eugene, a prince of Württemberg, who sat at table, took a glass of wine and nipp'd some of it into Oglethorpe's face. Oglethorpe, unwilling to be thought hasty and irascible, waited his opportunity, and then said, "Prince, that was a good joke; but we do it much better in England," and threw a whole glass in the prince's face.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kindest greetings and thanks to the Editor of the *Family Herald*.

"Old Voices of the Night-wind" in our next.

Z.—We shall use one of his contributions.

T. W. G.'s Sonnet is defective in rhythm, otherwise we should have been happy to avail ourselves of it.

C. W. is thanked for his attention.

We are obliged to delay, for a week or two, our answer to the last communication on the subject dated from "Liverpool"; but it is out of anything but a disinclination to do as the writer wishes. (Since writing this notice, the letter has been received, with regret for our friend's illness, from Wolverhampton.)

We should like much to publish something from the pen of our young poetical friend, the author of the "Prisoner Lily in the Grey-green Sea." Could he send us anything shorter?

The printed article, sent us by A. B. C., is left out for him, as he desires, at the Office. The subject, under the general title he speaks of, had already been suggested to us; but we cannot speak to it this instant.

The poem on the "Proclamation of Queen Victoria" would have been much to the purpose at the time; and we would gladly insert it now; but, like other journalists, we are obliged to consider times and seasons.

Thanks to our friend JAEZ KRANTZ.

Rizwan shall appear the first opportunity.

Our kind friend J. W. H. is thanked for his considerate letter; but we shall always be happy to know where he is, and to hear that he prospers.

The verses of ELIZABETH and those of C. E. J. do credit to the writers; but we have so many verses of the like merit sent us, accompanied by remarks which make us wish to insert them; that, in our inability to do what we desire for all, we too often find no choice left us for selection.

If correspondents hear, or see, nothing from us in the course of a month from the receipt of their communications, they will conclude that we are obliged to decline what they send us. Their manuscript, in such cases, will be left out for them at the Office. It is hardly necessary to state that this notice only applies to our larger contributions.

